

Detur Pulchriori:

OR,

A P O E M
in the Praise of the Vniversity ..
OF
O X F O R D.

Et pueri nasum Rhinocerotis habent. Mart. Ep.

Vivitur ingenio, cetera mortis erunt. Ovid.



Anno Dom. 1658.

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Patri mihi Charissimo I. V.

Hæc parerga mea

D. D. C. 2.

Non meus agnoscit Parnassi somnia Phœbus,
Neve Caballina Musa Lavatur aqua;
Mænatis inspirat sittentes Mente Poetas,
Ebria, nam nunquam Sobria Musa surit.
Sis Genitor mihi Phœbus, erit pro fonte Caballi
Ibis, sim Vates Sobrius inde tuus,

Et Filias &c.

Philomus

To my most Honourred
Schoolmaster.

Sir

If like a Pythonist I from my Witts
May chance to start, vent *Oracles* by fits,
And so be Poet dub'd, know I am 'one
Not born but made by *inspiration*,
For from *Yours* influence my Muse begun,
My lines the Paralleles of *Yours* Sun.
And since from the *Pindarique Mountain* You
Descend, to lend *Yours* hand to us below:
Loe 'our Inferior Orbs begin to move,
And act by the *Intelligence* of *Yours* Love,
And though you can't expect from *Pigmey* brains
Will's Garaganus, Gigantique strains,
How 'ere my Muse (though stretch'd upon the *Left*
Of an *Hyperbole*, 's but a *Neurospast*)
Mou'd by *Yours* Candours *Mysterious* wire)
Inspired, though not with a *Delphique* fire,
But a pure *Vestall* flame, contends to raise
Her note, unto the *Elah* of *Yours* praise,
If you accept these tender spriggs, know she,
Will give *Yours* better at *Maturity*.

Yours &c.

Philomus



An Apology.

Have you not seen when Titans glorious ray
Doth peep through th' Azure Welkin, and display
It's Splendent lustre, not alone to those,
Whose faces are more Painted then their cloaths,
Nor yet to those, who with Grandezza bear
Their stately looks above the Vulgar Sphear;
Noe, no, the humble Sun descends to all,
Glantring with smiles upon the lowest vale;
Even so our Sun, our true Apollo leaves
None in Cimmerian mists, to all he gives
To be his Starres, and have from him their light;
Lest some should set in a perpetuall night.
Well then, tle shew my selfe to be his Son,
His genuine Son, a boon companion
Of the Aonian sisters, though I see
The Sun of Censure Levelling at me:
Look how he forms his thoughts into a Cone,
And smites me with the sharpest end? anon
He carps, he bites; this quick-ey'd Basilisque
What ere he sees, wounds with an Asterisque:
Hee'l fine, if i'll not cleanse what I have writt
Which shew's bee's but the Scavenger of Witt.

To his ingenuous Friend F. V.

Since in so little room Thou hast set forth
Thy Mothers praise, and Her deserved worth,
Which requir'd Volumes, Thee in rank wee'll put
With him who wrote the Iliades in a Nut.

W. C. Ge



A Poem in the Praise of the University of OXFORD.

Hum! hum! what is't, that doth impede my *note*
Causing a *swelling Squincy* in my throat?
Methinks my *Wide-boar'd Muse* might with her
Drown *Pistoll-shott*, yea a *Granadas* vojce, (noise
But since so many *Pamphlet bullets* fly
About mine ears, 'twill be best Chivalry
To fight it out, and with a valiant pen
Win *Oxfords* credit from Malignant men.

Dear Mother, though unhallowed lips would stain
with *Satyrs* flowing from a *Wormwood* brain
Thy *comely feature*, with a *Viperous* strife
Gnawing those *bowels* that did give them life;
Although they fully Thee, 'twill be their shame,
Thy Honour, and immortalize thy fame,
Though *full-mouth'd Cynicks* be in *Sent* so hott.
Each *Black patch Calumny* 's thy *Beauty* spott.

The first *mouth* that *Malign's thee* is the *Clown's*,
Whose *tongues* more *thumb'd* & *sullied*, then the
Or *Parish-book*, he ne'r doth cease to *Tawn* (Town's,
And *swallow Solecismes*, as *smooth* as *Brawn*,
He'd rather be a *Page* unto his *Car*,
Or his *Swines* *Guardian*, then goe so far
As to a *Varsity*, for none but *Vools*,
Che swears wil send their *Children* unto *Schools*.

More could I name whose *Counterpoisng tonges*
Spit words far more *corrupted* then their *lungs*,
But since 'tis not my scope to answer those,
Whose names *Donguixoted* doe live in *prose*,

And

And never knew that Poets only claim
 Maugre the teeth of time, aternall fame,
 Then rouse my *Muse* and with immortall lays
 Caroll unto the world fam'd *Oxford's* praise.

Oxford! the *Arjenall of Arts*, the *Muses*
 Sole *Staple*, where *Apollo* onely uses
 To *Barter*, where our *balf-starv'd* Poets buy
 Their soaring *Pegasus*, and mounted fly
 Up the *Aönian cliffs*, the towring mount
 Doth make them *giddy*, 'till th' *Castalian* fount
 Begins to reinspire their *spur-gall'd* brains,
 And add new *spirits* to their empty veins.

In thee the *Grave Logician* doth commence
 To rant *mysterious termes*, and *fuscian fence*,
 While his *Lines* cragg'd, and hard to understand
 Doe far more baffle then the *Devill's* band.
 Daring more with his *three fork'd mace* of late,
 Then th' *three neck'd Porter* of th' *Infernall* gate
 while his *amazed Auditours* suppose
 Some *Demogorgon* always in the close.

From thee the *Politician* hath his books,
 The *Hieroglyphicks* of *majestiq;* looks.

Of thee *Apollo* his *melodious strains*,
 His dulced *Anthems*, sugred *Hymnes* obtains,
 Tyeing with *Music*, sweeter then the *Sppear's*
Men madd with aspiration by the ears,
 And least *injurious tongues* *fly-blow* thy praise,
 Hewill Thee crown with never dying *Bayes*.

Thou *Oyles* the *Rustique's* *tounge*, and on him shoures
 In his *Youth's* *April*, and produceth flowrs
 Of *party-coloured Retorique*, he talks
 On *stilts*, his *slippery tongue* confus'dly walks,
 So he (whose *tounge* *hide-bound* before) in sense
 Can prate, Imbellished with *eloquence*.

Again

Again thou teachest Devious Youth to tread
 In Virtue's path, and giv'st them hands and head.
 Thou giv'st them Heads, from whence Conceptions flow,
 High soaring thoughts and not Pestantique low
 Thou giv'st them hands to hold Minerva's shield,
 From conquered Ignorance to gain the Field.

Wer't not for the, the Milk-sopp-youth would ne're
 Be moralliz'd nor would he ever bear
 His Father's Royall stamp, nor would his age
 Admitt of Councell, from the grave and sage

Although the Rustique scornes, it is from thee
 He got the rules of right Oeconomy.

Of Thee the Learned Galenist obtains
 His knowledge in the Mystery of the veins
 And nervs; of late his skill he so inhances
 By finding out the blood's Meandering dances,
 That he old nature with Industrious pain
 Renews, makes aged Aeson young again.

The Art of numbring doth confess that thee
 Endow'd was with the Golden rule by thee.

The skill'd Geometrician who surveighs
 With Curious eys the Continent and Seas
 Squares by thy rule;

He who at every rise
 Waits on Night's fairest Queen with courting eyes,
 And who Inamorato-like doth Honour
 And Homage pay to those that wait upon her,
 To every pinck-ey'd Starre; who swears that he
 Will have noe Mistress but a Cassiope,
 Doth vow to sacrifice to Thee each year
 The stalled Bull, snatch'd from his Hemispear,
 A Quarter of the Hevenly Tupp, what's more,
 Hee'll add the Golden fleice, to quit the score,
 That still is chalked in his mind, He ows

To Thee, what rarities so er'e he knows,
 In lieu of payment therefore will he set
 On thy Head *Ariadnes coronet*,
 He'l make the *Zodiack* be thy golden chain,
Aquarius vernal shovrs upon Thee rain,
 To make thy *May* more Pregnant, and thy stemm.
 Outgoe the Pearles in *Flora's Diadem*.

The grave *Divine*, who doth the People aw
Bonarges-like with the *Mosaique Law*,
 Again a *Barnabas*, who doth dispense
Sweet nuncio, of Christ intelligence,
 Inspiring with pure Zeale th' amazed *Son*!,
 Making her lave her self then sin more foul,
 Says 'tis his *Debvoir*, 'fore the *greyz yd day*
 Puts on her *Mornings dress*, for Thee to pray;
 "Great God, Immortall King ! cast down an eye,
 "On *Britains Fountaines*, let them never dry;
 "Let more especially my *Mothers Fountain*,
 "Be baptiz'd *Helicon* in *Sions Mountain*,
 "Let it her Honour be t'extoll Thy fame,
 "Let all her praise be still to praise thy name.

Loe now my *Muse* is Jaded, and my quill
 Tired, beggs a *Vacation*, she will
 No longer travell in Thy *Praifes Ocean*,
 How'ere shew'l say *Amen* to the *Devotion*,

Floreat aeternis Academia Nostra Camanis.

To the Author.

Will none none commend Thee? well bad I bus been
 Born at the brink of sacred Hippocrene,
 Or were the Muses darling, or might be
 An equal sharer in the Daphnean Tree;
 I would command Thee, so that I would raise
 An Altar, and would offer to Thy praise
 An Hecatomb of verses, and my Pen
 If thou were dead, should make Thee live agen,

T. S. OXON.

FINIS.

